

Have no collection
under under

To his friend,
T. H. DUCH.

Kitty Clyde

With a basket for pines and fish
I was once with you & a drink
Thy little glass
Stands about the clean running brook

Written by

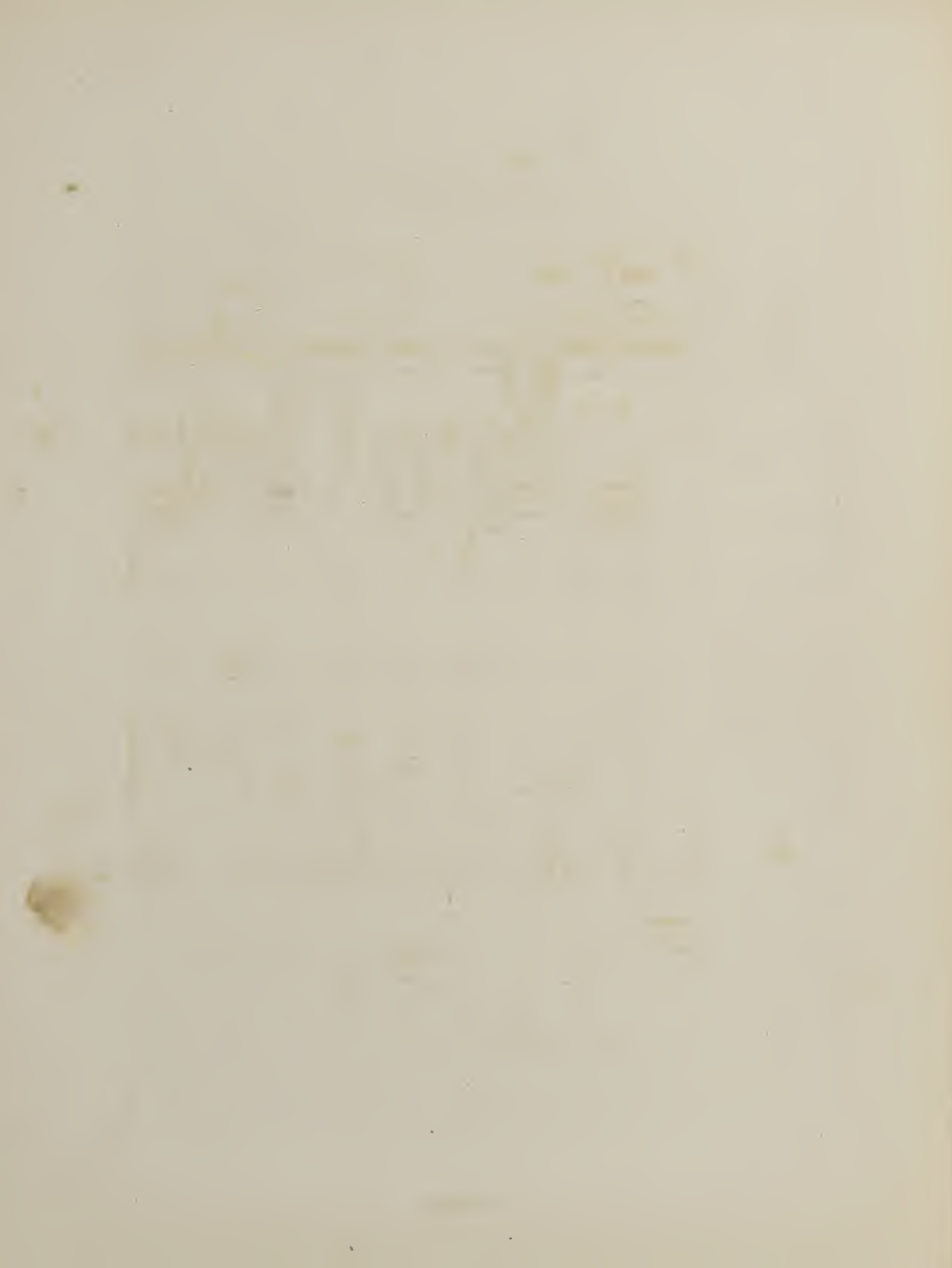
L. V. H. Crosby.

FOOT, 31.

GUTH, 11.

CHICAGO.

Published by Root & Cady, 67 Washington St.



KITTY CLYDE.

3

L.V. H. CROSBY.

O who has not seen Fitty Clyde. She lives at the

foot of the hill. In a sly little nook by the bab-ling

brook, That carries her father's old mill. O who does not

Entered according to Act of Congress 1885 by T. Hough, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of N.Y.

love Kitty Clyde That sunny ey'd rosy cheek'd lass

. . . With a sweet dimpl'd chin that looks roushish as sin, With always a

smile as you pass Sweet Kitty Dear Kitty My

own sweet Kitty Clyde In a sky that's rounder than the



2.

With a basket to put in her fish,
 Every morning with line and a hook.
 This sweet little lass,
 Through the tall heavy grass,
 Steals along by the clear running brook,
 She throws her line into the stream,
 And trips it along the brook side,
 O how I do wish
 That I was a fish,
 To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde.
 Sweet Kitty &c.

3.

How I wish that I was a bee,
 I'd not gather honey from flowers,
 But would steal a dear sip
 From Kitty's sweet lip,
 And make my own *hive* in her bowers.
 Or, if I was some little bird,
 I would not build nests in the air,
 But keep close by the side
 Of sweet Kitty Clyde,
 And sleep in her soft silken hair.
 Sweet Kitty &c.

